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26

ARCHARIOS



ARCHARIOS

THE NEXT 25...

Archarios has been dedicated to showcasing student, staff, and faculty work for 26 years. We just celebrated our silver anniversary, and said goodbye to long-time adviser Paul Olsen last year. This year we usher in a new era filled with new artists, writers, and opportunities. Archarios is moving into the 21st century with a stronger web presence, brand new social media outlets, and more content! We encourage everyone to live their art, and invite you to help us look towards the next twenty-five!

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ARCHARIOS — 2017

BEST OF SHOW

The Realist	10
Pennies for Mr. Anderson	12
Oreo	14
the arrow shot us down	16
Launch	18
Two Photos	20

ARTWORK

The Edge of Fantasy	26
Untitled 1	27
The Lighted Future	28
The Benthic Zone	29
The Process of Thought	30
Self Portrait with my Sister	31
Scorpio	32
Media's Society	33
Presely	34
Kinetic Efflorescence	35
Tangled	36
Untitled	37
Portrait of my Mother	38
Ramen Mami	39
Sleep When You're Dead	40
The Milkman	41
Jack	42

LITERATURE

Maybe "It" Was Jesus	46
Reincarnation	48
Picasso, herself	49
Family Plot	50
Neige Tombé	52
Fantasy	55
Diana in the Sky	56
Gregory	58
I'm Mentioning a Few Things	59
"It's not your job to sell mangoes"	60
Mementos	61
black card	62
Foxes	63
This is the Process of Forgetting	64
Macabre	65
Around and Around	66
When We Called It Making Love	68

CREDITS

Staff	72
Thanks	73

BEST OF SHOW

FIRST PLACE ARTWORK



THE REALIST **HALEY SMITH** OIL ON CANVAS

In this portrait I explored representing my brother's personality through the use of color, position, and objects.



FIRST PLACE LITERATURE



PENNIES FOR MR. ANDERSON

MIA JONES

POETRY

This piece demonstrates how even the most mundane things can bring back treasured memories.

There he used to sit-
slumped
on the crumbling
corner sidewalk
with a rusty harmonica
and a hat
full of pocket change.
His lips were drawn
together closely
as he channeled melodies
infused
with the ebb and flow
of desolation.
Vibrant epiphanies glowed
through the octaves as they
melted his spine and
molded it
to fit their form.
Occasionally, people
would drop change.
A dollar or two, like the money I
leave for tip years later
as I stand in the back of a
downtown bar.
Eyes lazily wandering
into the distance,
letting the lullabies of
Billy Joel guide me home
to the little old man perched
on the sixth corner
of Gould Street.

SECOND PLACE ARTWORK



OREO

LILY MORRIS

DIGITAL

This piece represents my own insecurities with race and stereotypes growing up. Because I was quiet and had different interests I was treated like I was “black on the outside, white on the inside” like an oreo. I understood the obvious consequences of abiding by racial stereotypes, but didn’t realize deliberately breaking them could also be problematic. Despite the progress we’ve made stereotypes still play a role in how we see and judge people today.



SECOND PLACE LITERATURE



THE ARROWS SHOT US DOWN

CAROLINE PENDLETON

POETRY

This peice is about what it means to be in love when the world is against you. It is a fictional poem, but it handles feelings that I have dealt with for a long while. I once had a poetry teacher tell me that all good poems are about death and, somehow, I feel that his words heavily influenced this poem and its mood. Without death there is no living our best lives. If anything I hope whoever reads this poem understands the message that they should love hard while they can—no matter who it is that they love.

when patroclus died,
achilles kept his body
to hold and weep over.

when mercutio died,
romeo couldn't believe it,
that a day could be so dark.

the doctors told me i would die.
we looked at my brain
and saw it collapsing inside.

you held me tightly,
as if i was your patroclus,
and you, my achilles.

(you always wanted to
be an athlete.)

you promised me that
you would do anything
to save me.

it made my fantasy
that you loved me back
much more easy to imagine.

SECOND PLACE ARTWORK

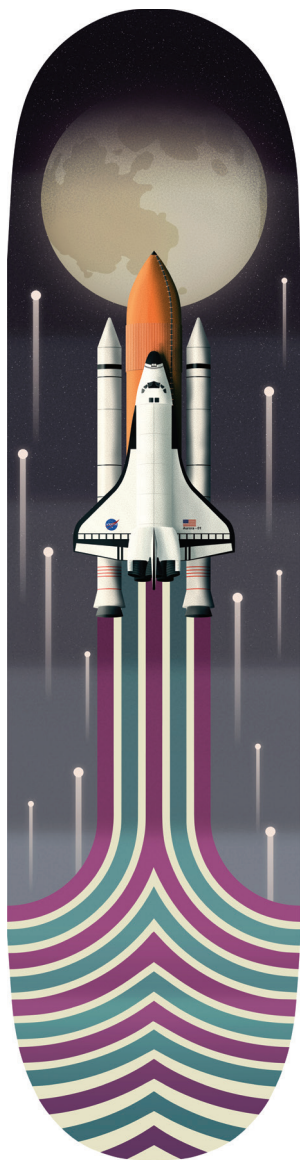


LAUNCH

THOMAS MESIARIK

DIGITAL

To me, the golden age of graphic design was the 60's and 70's. It was a wild time when science and art both competed, and coalesced into something amazing. This is a skateboard design inspired by the art of that time period, and the work of Erik Nitsche. Science and space has always been a subject very close to me, and I wanted to create a piece that nodded to the insatiable drive of space exploration, and discovery, that was so prevalent in.



THIRD PLACE LITERATURE



TWO PHOTOS **RICHARD WAINRIGHT** FICTION

I tried to capture the hopelessness of the steady progression of Alzheimer's Disease, and the devastation and helplessness that it causes loved ones.

The two photos Charley could see from his recliner were taken fifty years apart. The first was of their wedding, shortly after he came back from the Pacific at the end of World War II. Every time he looked at it he was amazed at how young they were and particularly how beautiful Helen was. It was such a distant memory that it almost seemed as though he was looking at someone else. Yet, in other ways, it was only yesterday, the pages of the calendar falling off the wall much too fast and accelerating with age. Where did the time go?

The second was taken several years ago at their 50th anniversary party. Charley thought, "Had it really been twelve years ago?" Helen was still so beautiful and so happy. He hadn't seen that exquisite smile for quite some time. It seems harder and harder to find things to smile about these days. That was the last perfect day they had spent together. It was shortly after that when the disease began. It came slowly at first. She would forget to turn the stove off, lose her purse, or make a wrong turn driving home. A wrong turn on a road Helen had driven nearly every day for over sixty years (usually way too fast). At first he teased her about it but he could see the change in her. She would become preoccupied and confused. Helen had always been a shrewd and crafty opponent at Scrabble or gin rummy, but gradually they discontinued playing. He could see the fear in her eyes, followed by anger, that she could not focus, until she could not remember how to play at all.

Then the first real terror came the first time she did not recognize him. A face Helen knew as well as her own. It began as a momentary lapse and became more frequent and of longer duration as the months passed. They went together to see a specialist. His diagnosis confirmed what they already knew. Treatment was available but ineffective in most cases. The deterioration would continue. The bottom line was that as the disease progressed they should consider either in-home care or moving her to an "adult care facility." At his age he would not be able to provide the care that she would require. The doctor asked about children. They had two, both in their sixties. They both lived clear across the country and could really provide no help. They had their own lives, medical problems, children, and grandchildren. Charley knew that their pensions and social security were sufficient to provide them a

comfortable life, but there was no money for buying the kind of care she would need.

Charley had provided loving care for as long as he could. Through the heartbreak of watching his best friend become a stranger, he persevered. But, as promised, the symptoms of the illness continued to progress. It seemed like it was worse every day. Her once intelligent blue eyes were nearly colorless and vacant. It was not just her mind, but her body deteriorated to a shell. She could no longer control her bowels or emotions. He was not certain which left a bigger mess. Then the real horror came. He went in to the clinic because he thought he might have the stomach flu and they found that a cancer that had begun somewhere in his pancreas or liver had metastasized. The first three stages went by unnoticed and no treatment was offered at this advanced point. Doctor Sova was sympathetic but Charley did not really hear anything after the word terminal.

His first thought was when he is gone or incapacitated, what will happen to Helen? She cannot be alone. She hasn't been alone since shortly after VJ Day. She would suffer by herself. Though Helen often doesn't recognize him, sometimes she does. Her eyes light up during those flashes of lucidity. Those moments for which he has lived for months. Charley vowed to an addled Helen that he would never leave her alone. He squeezed her hand and felt just a quiver of a response. Perhaps it was Charley's imagination but he would take it as her understanding.

As Charley sat in the worn recliner, trying to summon the courage to dial 911, he could not bring himself to apologize for holding the pillow over Helen's face as she slept. Perhaps realizing that her misery was at an end, there was only a feeble struggle as he heard the sounds of her last, labored breath. He kissed her a tender, final goodbye and as he stumbled through his tears into the living room; his pain was tempered by relief that their shared torment was at an end.

Charley arthritically dialed 911.

"911, what is your emergency?"

He whispered quietly and calmly into the mouthpiece of the antique corded phone, "There is no emergency, you can take your time, but I want to report two deaths."

"Sir, who died?"

He choked on the answer as if there was a garrote around his throat, "My wife and I." Before the operator could question him further, he laid the phone down and washed a handful of pain pills down with two fingers of his favorite Kentucky whiskey, Early Times. "Early Times, how appropriate," Charley thought. The smiles of the couple in the gold-framed photos were what he hoped he would remember. Of all the photos that adorned their home, of grandchildren and great grandchildren, of beloved pets" these were Helen's two favorites. And though he never admitted it to her, they were his favorites too. His eyes were fixed on the images until he could no longer keep them open. He heard sirens as he drifted off to the long sleep.

ART



THE EDGE OF FANTASY

CHRISTINA TERUEL

VANILLA CAKE AND GLAZE

This piece explores the uncontrollable feelings of desire in relation to eating disorders through a sensorial experience. Having an eating disorder is a daily, mental battle where the obsession over physical appearance often results in fantasizing about food in a dream-like state. The desire to want something you cannot have dominates any and every thought. Through the use of real, edible cake and glaze, a sensorial experience is created to trigger the mind into craving something sweet and pleasurable. The glaze drips and pools around the pedestal to simulate the salivation and to create a physical barrier between the viewer and piece that mimics the mental barriers that manifest throughout this disorder.



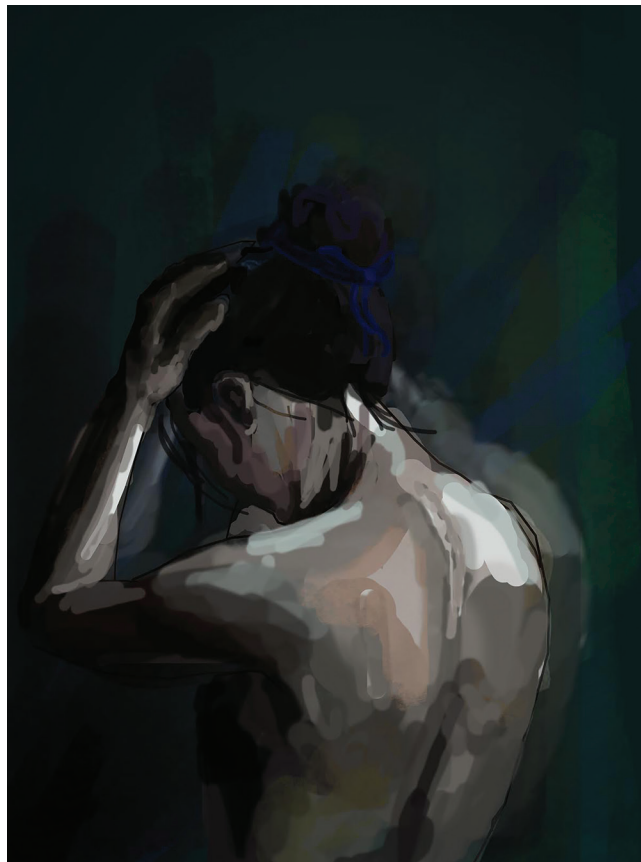
UNTITLED 1
DREW SMITH
DIGITAL

Stereotypes are defined as being a widely held, accepted, and oversimplified image or idea of a particular type of person or thing. Untitled (1) is from a series of work based on the exploration of gender and racial stereotypes that haven't received the devotion of time it takes to begin to understand them. Due to the nature of stereotypes, time isn't often spent decyphering and decoding the complexities of them. The series of typography based posters are configured in a way to invoke interaction from the viewer and push them to spend the time to dive into decoding these stereotypes.



THE LIGHTED FUTURE
SHELBY BARKER
PHOTOGRAPHY

My photograph symbolizes a classic scenario of light vs. dark. With recent events such as racism, inequality, and the war on science and public education; my photograph speaks, and speaks assertively, of the integrity and fierceness of my generation. The man is turning his back to the evil, the ignorance, the hate, the dark. He holds a desire for unity and rectitude, choosing to walk on the path to the good, the knowledge, the love, the light. We are occupying a time where there is a glaring line that defines two opposing forces of nature. The man symbolizes my generation that will walk towards the light, or run if we have to, doing whatever it might take to cease the darkness of our nation from consuming our precious, stubborn, and fighting light. Here I present to you, through my photograph, a cold, dark present fading into a lighted future.



THE BENTHIC ZONE
VICTORIA LYONS
DIGITAL PAINTING

I choose to work in painting human figures under non-standard lighting for most of my paintings because they are not only challenging elements to paint correctly for me, but they are also some of the most expressive elements that can be combined. Even if a human figure is one form, the way it's composed and combined with different lighting can completely change the piece to draw out millions of possible feelings. Generally, I don't have a specific concept in mind when starting a painting and attempt a more formalist approach of what I consider to be an interesting composition. After all, even if I were to try to give my paintings meaning, how I interpret them will never be exactly the same as how another person may see it based on their own distinct past experiences and feelings.



THE PROCESS OF THOUGHT
DREW SMITH
500 PLASTER CASTED LIGHT BULBS
& BLACK WIRE

"The Process of Thought" is comprised of the juxtaposition of the pile of miscasted lightbulbs, which represent the relinquished thoughts we have discarded, and the hanging lightbulbs which are the thoughts we have preserved and held onto. I believe we must take a little from both our bad thoughts and preserved thoughts in order to formulate our best possible thoughts, which I have chosen to express through the lightbulb hanging lowest to the pile of miscasted bulbs as it is a combination of the two types of thought.



SELF PORTRAIT WITH
MY SISTER

HALEY SMITH

OIL ON CANVAS

I constructed this painting to subtly depict the distinction between my sister's personality and my own, while still maintaining a sense of unity.



SCORPIO

SKYLAR DELANEY

MICRON PEN & BLACK WASH

ON VELVET TONE PAPER

This work explores the relation humans have to their zodiac signs, more specifically the characteristics they exhibit. Through use of line variation and shading, I bring forth the often overlooked, vengeful, manipulative, self-destructive sides of Scorpios.



MEDIA'S SOCIETY
SHELBY BARKER
PHOTOGRAPHY

I Love Lucy was one of the most popular TV shows in history, and an American landmark for sitcoms, that ran from 1951-1957. While this show was arguably one of the best shows to watch in the 50s, it portrayed traditional gender roles that still linger in today's society. Lucy exhibited many acts that were traditional for women, such as being secretive about her age and true hair color, and being depicted as a devoted housewife. Almost 70 years later, magazines and other media depict women in traditional gender roles such as housewives or models of attractiveness, and have continued to paint a servile image of women. This photograph brings together media's influence on gender roles via the magazine with an I Love Lucy cover, a show that readily defined a woman's role in marriage. Then there's the woman who is sitting in her home on the couch, very prettily, covering her face with a different one, as women do today with makeup because American society defines what "pretty" is in a woman.



PRESLEY

HALEY SMITH

OIL ON CANVAS

I knew shortly after meeting Presley that I would have to paint her. It was exciting and special for me to paint such a unique, beautiful little spirit.



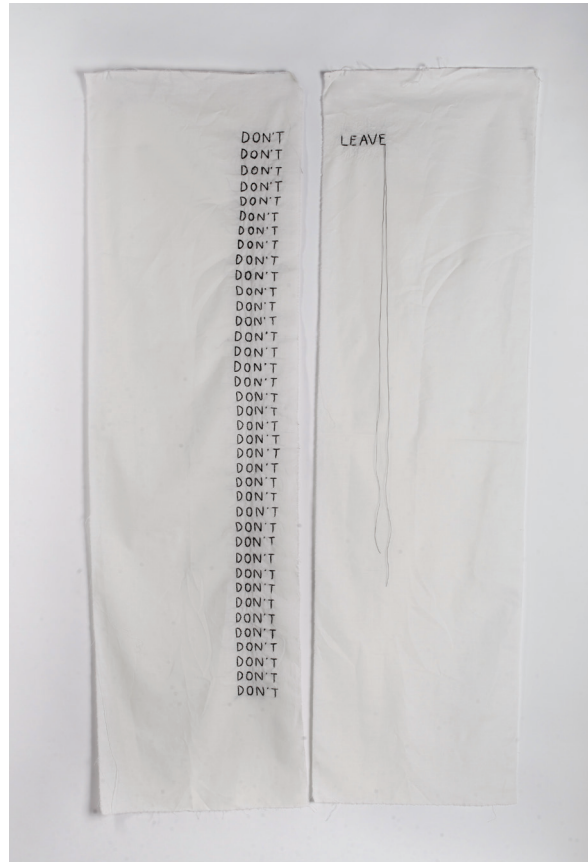
KINETIC EFFLORESCENCE
GWENDOLYN WASHINGTON
3D ANIMATION

This piece was inspired by the 2016 Olympic cauldron, a kinetic sculpture created to look like the sun. I loved its hypnotizing rhythm and how the light danced across the rotating structure. I used Cinema 4D to build, animate, and render this metallic flower. Its movement replicates the natural movements of a flower blooming. This piece is one of three digital metal flower sculptures.



TANGLED
JOE QUINN
PHOTOGRAPHY

As light travels down through the ocean-medium color is quickly absorbed and dissipates, revealing the ocean's natural state of form and movement. In black and white, these elements come more sharply into focus. The many nuances so often camouflaged by artificial light meant to produce brilliant color, now catch the eye's attention. The swaying of soft corals, the suspension of a jelly, and the glittering of scales among a school of fish expose the invisible movement of water and light. Predators hunt against an infinite liquid background, while their prey draws scattered patterns on a dense grey canvas. In many ways black and white perfectly capture the ocean environment in full color. In no other environment perhaps, has nature so tinkered with the animal form. Every imaginable shape and pattern, both the obvious and the cryptic, occupy the largest of Earth's environments.



UNTITLED

CHRISTINA TERUEL

COTTON FABRIC & THREAD

This piece explores the disconnect in a relationship. Through repetitive hollow gestures, the connection between two people slowly dissipates. The lack of purpose and intention behind the actions transforms the affection into a meaningless habit. The reiteration of a word juxtaposed with a single word emphasizes the realization of the lack of intention behind these actions.

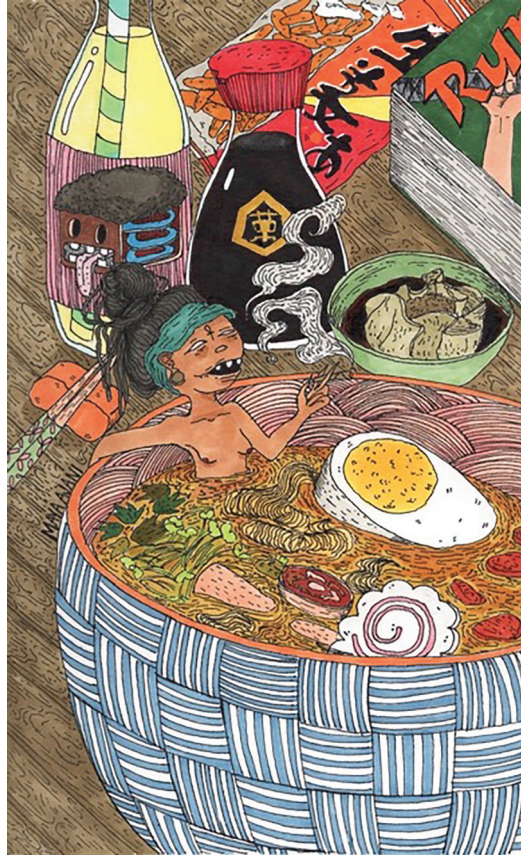


PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

HALEY SMITH

OIL ON CANVAS

In this portrait of my mother, I wanted to display one special aspect of her personality, and that is her ability to nurture. I painted the aloe plant resting within a seashell to represent spirit and body—both of which benefit from her diligence in providing nourishment.



RAMEN MAMI

MAYA ELLONE-MCKENLEY

INK

The motivation behind most of my work comes from visuals that will spontaneously enter my mind. I get lost in my own little fantasy world in my head quite often, so that's where a majority of the ideas for my illustrations come from. My work tends to have spiritual/fantasy elements that depict the little realm in my mind. I draw characters that resemble my friends and me, because visual representation is important. Growing up as a black/biracial girl it was rare to find characters in books and TV shows with features similar to mine. That's why I love when my people can look at my work and say that they see themselves in my illustrations. I want people to be able to look at my work and visualize themselves in the realm that resides in my head.



SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

DREW SMITH

CANADIAN WHITE MAPLE

BURN TOOL

"Sleep When You're Dead" is a custom designed, wood burned, Canadian white maple skateboard deck. The phrase "sleep when you're dead" comes to mind after all the long hours and late nights in the studio when you want to give up, but you need the motivation to continue to push through. With the motivation, passion, and dedication anything can be done even if it seems impossible; there is always a way.



THE MILKMAN

ALICIA SHIRAH

PACKAGING

Today, we purchase items on the internet all the time and they are delivered to our homes. I wanted to design a product that does just that and has a bit of history to go along with it as well. The Milkman (a made-up milk company) delivers milk to your house like the old days. The different colors for this design represent what kind of milk is packaged in the bottles: Skim, Reduced Fat, Low Fat, and Whole. Its design is traditional, with the uniform hat as the logo and an old style script typeface. These elements, along with the glass bottle, help to give this product an old-timey feel.



JACK

HALEY SMITH

OIL ON GESSOED MASONITE

Jack is growing up quickly. I chose to paint this close-up to personally spend some time preserving a glimpse of the incredible person he is at nine years old.

LITERATURE

MAYBE IT WAS JESUS
JESSICA LINTON

This is a moment in time which I wanted to capture the concrete details of mortality, but also the abstract essence of death.

Her sky-blue eyes
Fighting to stay in focus,
My uneasy eyes
Entirely locked on her.
Consciously memorizing every feature.

Her short, dry, reddish-beige hair
That she prized when permed and fluffed,
Her smooth, manicured nails
On her warm, soft hands covered in age
spots and wrinkles,
Her large, grey gap teeth
Under her big rounded nose,
Her lack of eyebrows and eyelashes
From a lifetime with Lupus,
And her hot uncovered feet
that she would always beg me to rub.

Her inflated stomach
Severely thrusting in and out,
The tubes protruding from her pale,
bruised arms
And the connected, beeping machines
surrounding her,
Her dry, cracked, thin lips
Worsening by the air being shoved down
her throat,
And her own shallow gasps of air
Limited by her fluid-filled lungs.

Her consciousness
To the process of her own death,
And the lack of fear in her eyes
As she points to the grey ceiling tiles,
Looking back at me
To see if I saw it too.

REINCARNATION
MIA JONES

"This life is but a brief tenure, one of many perspectives a spirit must experience in the quest for eternity." —Brian Rathbone, *Call of the Herald*

The essence of apology:
your hazel eyes piercing
the remains of a soul
sentenced to the decree of eternity.

Only time may
discipline the misguided rebels,
heartbroken criminals, the
narcissists blind to the fact
our feet walk the same cold ground.

Transience staggers on
with a nail in his foot.
he watches his blessings trodden
on, abused, chewed on and spit out.
In the end, we only hurt ourselves.

So I forgive, forbearing,
watching lust drip down your lips, silently
pitying whoever this soul will be passed
onto next.

Chained by this paradox, an impenetrable
curse:
the daunting cycle of perpetuity.
May we meet again.

PICASSO, HERSELF

CAROLINE PENDLETON

Poetry is used to express many different feelings, and this poem is no different. I wanted to try to express the artistic side of pain and abandonment, not everything is black and white. I also like to try and feminize the narrative. I hope people can see themselves in this piece, and I hope they can see "her" as many different things. For me, she represents the feeling of having someone mean a lot to me, even if I do not mean anything to them.

she leaves pink, blue, and yellow streaks on
your hands, your clothes, and your mouth.
pictures are huffed onto your car window with her breath.
she leaves purple indents on your fragile skin,
painting you with no brushes at all, only nails and teeth.
her lipstick smears red against your cheek.
she leaves your hands black when you wipe her tears.
she drips water all over your floor, it stains the wood.
cigarette ashes, gray and darker, fall onto your bed.
she leaves.
you realize she left, left without a single mark on her
and you look at your newly painted reflection.

One evening I stood at the family plot
where, tucked away in the soft pines
of a hilltop clearing, a dozen Grahams
lie like stubborn ghosts anchored in the soil
by moss paper weights. I've seen the portraits:

slender men blackened by the mines.
Chain-smoking women hobbling atop blue legs.
Steady glares and tobacco-filled lips
making clear the intention of just coming home
to bustling stoves and oil lamps stuffed with fat.

They watched the same dappled and shrinking sun
creep down to tuck Tazewell's hills in each night.
Their feet stopped splashing in the hollow's
clear stream below as they found the life
promised by Christ drying on the rocks.

I asked myself since I could not ask them:
Did we cross the ocean to die, limbs
rotten with gangrene, by strokes in homes
dark as coal? Was the Lord intent
on dispatching boys to those black lung shafts

and filling their empty bellies with mortars?
In escaping, there is little found
wading in the urban currents.
Like those ghosts, I am tethered to the slope.
With their documented button noses,

blue eyes and pale skin, I am no less
lonely in cities, unable to watch
days end without moving, knowing
they never said a word of the world
that refused to ripen despite their hunger.

NEIGE TOMBÉ

DANIELLE JOHNSON

Being an avid reader since I was little, reading has influenced my writing. I was reading a creative fiction piece about male ballet dancers, highlighting the emotional turmoil they experienced in and out of the studio. By the end of the work, I felt so engrossed in the lives of the dancers and wanted to protect them, like a mother would. This maternal instinct gave way to "Neige Tombé." "Neige Tombé," meaning snow fall, is a small indicator of the bittersweet world the speaker faces. Also inspired by the French language engrained in ballet, the two sections, *Immobilisé* (*relevé, fondu, relevé*) and *Balancé* (*fondu, relevé, fondu*), are not only references to ballet, but are references to the rise and fall of the speaker's situation.

Immobilisé (*relevé, fondu, relevé*)

The first Christmas, we were dating.
The second and third were the same.
The fourth, we were engaged.
The fifth, we were married.
Christmas was our day and nothing
could tarnish it.
The sixth Christmas was nothing
short of wonderful.
The seventh Christmas,
lucky number seven.
I told him not to go out on Christmas Eve.
He said he needed one last
present and he would be
on his way back.
I told him the weather was too
bad.
He said he would be back.
I'm always right.
He skidded on the ice and hit
a light pole of a major intersection.
I passed out when I heard he was in ICU.
I woke up to a cold
hospital bed, being told to
push

- I went into premature labor.
Our son wasn't ready he was too
young my husband is on the other
side of the hospital trying to come out
of a coma his wife is a mess on a hospital
table looking for
a miracle
The nurses look somber.
There isn't a cry in the room.
They rush out with my son.
I hear a whisper of "stillborn"
and
"revival time is crucial."
He was not ready.
I was not ready.
We were not ready.
My son comes back, purple.
I hold him and faint
breathing can be felt.
He will be kept in the children's wards ICU.
Barely breathing, but alive.
Three days later, I am able to visit
my husband.
Barely breathing, but dead.
I am a mixture of my husband and my son.
Barely breathing, but barely living.

Balancé (*fondue, relevé, fondue*)

"Ballet or Sports?" I ask my son,
who is healthy as can be.
"Ballet!" He jumps
up, perky and eager
I don't want him to be bullied, so I try
to homeschool him.
I don't have the degree, so he's off

to public school.
When his three best buddies at school find out
that he does ballet, they ask him if they can join.
Their sisters do ballet and talk about how much
they love it and they wanted to try it.
It would take 12 years for me to realize
that their sisters were sarcastic teens.
He invited them to the studio to try a class.
They all loved it.
I thought I had protected him.
He was the ballerino in Advanced Ballet III,
the highest class offered at his studio.
He had been in this class since he was a freshman.
He had technically been in this class in middle school,
but the teacher never told the senior students his real
age.
He was stretching by the barre
with his three buddies from elementary school.
They were still strong
as ever, maturing together. The communication
seemed like it was whispered
banter, but I was deluding myself
to mask the gritted teeth
as smiles and shoves
as playful rough housing.
"You've made my confidence falter since we took
'Moderate Ballet II',
"My self-esteem is gone because of you,"
"I can't believe you made us join ballet,"
The tears he shed as the cavalier during the somber
piece seemed fitting, but he wasn't acting.
It was Christmas Eve, the night following
the winter show in the afternoon.
I walked into his room.
My baby was purple.
Barely breathing, but alive.

Rope around his neck and bruises - from
hands
that were not mine or his - visible
I rush him to the hospital.
He is in ICU.
I don't recognize the room number.
Only that my son is barely breathing, but
alive.
And once again, I am barely breathing, but
barely living.
He is pronounced to recover and he does,
but he doesn't.
He quits ballet.
His scholarship deteriorating in front of his
eyes, dull
from no dancing.
He goes into Marketing, Accounting,
Business.
Nothing creative.
Nothing he can do with his body.
No more pirouettes,
no more assemblé,
no more battement fouetté à terre (flic
flac),
no more tours en l'air,
no more life.
He is definitely breathing, but barely living.

FANATSY
MIA JONES

Intended to highlight the contrast between perfectionism and movie-like expectations pertaining to relationships and the often disappointing reality

soft magic
spilled into our fantasies,
molding minds
and curving bodies
with tight corsets tied
by Aphrodite herself-
I was never the pretty one.

as wax dripped down candlesticks
and the bath water ran cold,
we collected decaying rose petals
with Disappointment's precious fingertips.
you asked if I preferred filet mignon
over rich red lobster-
all I ever wanted was to make you smile.

DIANA IN THE SKY
SIERRA WINDHAM

The piece is an ekphrastic poem, the subject of which is the "Diana of the Chase" statue at Brookgreen Gardens. Obsessed with Greek mythology and the figure of Artemis; I was inspired to explore a new style of writing for the Roman equivalent in all its marble glory.

wolfcry in the heat
of morning,
mouth aching
and hungry.
she howls lyrics
to Apollo's light,
she sings for the trees
swaying in her
presence, composing
songs in her honor,
nature's orchestra
outliving the music
of her brother.
the woodland symphony
wild with seductive
beats and mystic cries,
vibrations like her
lightning footfall,
electric hips aglow
in the dance of life

but she cannot stay.
she outruns the heavens
and paints her bowstring
in shades of dawn
with the dewdrops
on her fingertips,
she presses her lips
to arrow heads
and pulls the weapon
into position
to hunt

as only survivors
may hunt.
monsters live
outside the forest

and her hands shake
for revenge
for redemption
her companion fear
breathing down her
neck with every heart throb.

sometimes the haven
of the woods melts
into a collage
of violent
apparitions bleeding
and screaming
and breaking
apart like wax and they
do not cease until the sun
is submerged
like a sacrifice
slave tongues
dance around her name

Diana, Diana, oh Diana!

as she ascends to her
celestial throne
to watch the earth
rotate in slow
sleepy cycles
shimmering
in the obsidian
backdrop of night
she pulls oceans
with her pinky
she veils her face
in starlight.

GREGORY
MIA JONES

When I was younger I had an infatuation with older boys who lived dangerous lifestyles. My mother never let me date them, and today I have the common sense to thank her. Still, my thoughts from these days tend to resurface in my poetry.

you were half gone
when you told me that tomorrows were
just composed
of yesterdays and how it felt
when our bodies intertwined for the first
time.

the sweet scent of citrus lingered in the
air
and you leaned to kiss me once more,
lips parted slightly
as if a cigarette were dangling between.
you were my cheap escape,
disenchanted elixir,
my eyes remaining fixated on the
tattoos stretching across
your skin like a cursed beacon.

we were lovers
leaving nothing to overhear.
i was drunken Aphrodite
with fragile wings of gossamer, gazing
serenely
into the eyes of a hurt boy, a lost boy,
as he said he was a brute to the world
yet a gentleman for me.

ZACH THOMAS

I swallowed sentences all winter,
intent on letting you sleep.
There was the door creaking shut
where I kissed your hands at night.
There were the hours hanging
like fog over the silver beach,
each grain of sand a pallid world
whirling in the tides of ink.

I swallowed sentences all winter,
intent on letting you sleep.
I hope you've stayed warm since sailing
from the harbor. Wherever you are,
the morning's newborn blue will birth
blossoms to shine and bless
the trees with proud weight.
I know all fruit will be ripe.

When spring brings back our stolen
leaves,
I will have longer days to piddle,
a last chance to sift through the drafts
and gather what it is that I have to say.

"IT'S NOT YOUR JOB
TO SELL MANGOES"
DANIELLE JOHNSON

Sitting down and saying "I want to write today," has never worked for me. Rather, looking out into the world and simply letting my mind wander usually leads me to and through a piece. I have a thought that triggers another and I let whatever words come out, come out. In working on this piece, in a collection I wrote over the summer, I was drawn to limes. While watching a cooking show, one of the cooks was using lime and I began thinking of how no one compares the green of some peoples' eyes to the color of limes. This piece and the character, Ms. Angelica Wild, came out of it. A common tie in my work is repetition, where I keep the form similar, but I alter the images to provide a different feeling. For this piece in particular, I found that the descriptions, when altered ever so slightly, could be extremely telling of Ms. Angelica and her life, even though I present two short snippets. Youth and dementia have taken their toll on Angelica in different parts of her life, which I hope can be felt from a variety of age groups.

the grass and her eyes
soft, lime green, like the inside
of a lime you peeled
wrongly - the protective barrier holding the lime within -
she smiles at the customer, handsome, but with a wife
and baby in tow
"Angelica, come get" the man who hired her called
"You are sixteen years old, it's not your job to sell mangoes"
(Mangoes were an expensive import for their little fruit stand and
they were barely able to sell limes as it was)

the walls and her brain
stark, blinding white, like the inside
of an apple you peeled
correctly - the protective skin eaten away, exposing the apple
within -
she smiles at the patients, calm, but with medical problems
and sadness in tow
"Is it not my job to sell mangoes?"
"Mrs. Wild, no" the man pushing her wheelchair asserted
"You are sixty years old, it's not your job to sell mangoes"
(Elderly women were expensive to take care of and the nursing
home is barely able to keep Ms. Angelica Wild alive as it is)

MENTOS

ZACH THOMAS

See Valle de Viñales. Thanks to Dan Albergotti for his thoughts and suggestions.

The moss warmed by valley sun and goats
tethered to banana trees. Heat plucking
layers of seafoam from colonial columns.
Lying between your legs, watching treetops drip
honey in the evenings. Rain painting fields
red as we went to bed, heavy and wet
as summer palms.

Bells clanging down dirt roads and the cheeps
signaling you stirring that morning.
Limbo in an empty room spent peering
through windows, waiting for the great wind.
My eyes, dried in the burn of sunrise, drawn
to the mogotes, those quiet specters
in their cloaks of fog.

BLACK CARD
HALLIE BONDS

The individual color of one's skin creates parallels between opportunity, and for some defeat. This piece aims to dig underneath the color of one's skin and highlight such experiences that one may go through when finding themselves. As an artist, I challenge people to think outside of the box and recognize the power in one's words.

my Mother ripped my hair out,
with a burnt orange rat-tail comb.
attempting a zig-zag part,
down the middle of my light scalp.

I just wanted to fit the part,
to wear apple bottom jeans.
big girl gold hoops, from Sue's hair store.
Asian's knew more about black hair than
me.

wear tiny braids in my head,
multi-colored plastic beads clanking
together on my soft, like baby hair ends.
"Good Hair" musical symphony coming
soon.

I wanted to be a black girl,
not the black girl with the white Mother.
my Mother was obstructing the way,
constantly getting my black card revoked.

I longed to grasp this card in my hands.
I needed and wanted this card.
this invisible card of acceptance,
to only check one printed box.

FOXES

VERONICA GOOD

This poem is a pantoum that attempts to create an image about the spectrum in which death is viewed, and the way it impacts those who are exposed to it in one way or another.

A fox lay dead alongside the highway, as though
running on the dark, packed earth of a dead-end path.
I know too well how to lose that race.
No one pays much attention until you're gone.

Running on the dark, packed earth of a dead-end path,
I find that flowers always grow the wrong way.
No one pays much attention until they're gone,
And then they miss them greatly.

I find that flowers always smell the wrong way
During a funeral, ill-received and ill-forgotten.
But they are missed greatly
When all that's left are maggots and darkness.

During an illness, ill-received and ill-forgotten,
I learned too well how to lose the race
when all that's left are maggots and darkness,
and foxes dead alongside the highway.

THIS IS THE PROCESS OF FORGETTING
ZACH THOMAS

On interpersonal closure. Thanks to Hastings Hensel for his thoughts and suggestions.

knowing you will come with the breeze,
make curtains move and ask me to undress.
That we will lie down for once, cool as
vacant sheets and touch each other's hair.
Yet there is no sign of you. Or the breeze.
The curtains seldom move. The fan creaks,
faint above an oak floor, cold and sagging.

The windows are open.
The lamp, quilt and bed
are all out of commission.

What a quiet life I have been leading.

MACABRE

MIA JONES

Illustrates the complex relationship between death and life, and how they often intertwine.

Skateboards and sidewalk chalk,
you told me my golden hair
reminded you of daffodils and canaries
and the halo your mother wore
after her 35th birthday.

Eyeliner and Blink-182,
we joked about death and the afterlife
and diseases ending in -itis
because the only remedy to
inevitability is indifference.

Wrinkled diplomas and student debt,
wedding bells were car alarms
and vows resembled eulogies,
my golden hair tied back in buns
and dress as dark as ash.

Hunched silhouettes and rocking chairs,
we fell asleep by the fire
pondering romantic exchanges
and freedom from fear, sweetly
reminiscing over lives we've never lived.

He didn't mean to speak so sharply, for his words to lash out and bite her, but they did. She stood beside the lopsided bed into which so many couples had undoubtedly put their trust and credit cards. Fluorescent light filled the home department as she gazed at him, eyes defiant. "It's just a bedspread," she said, offering him a chance to apologize. He replied that it was *their* bedspread for *their* bedroom, that he hated feeling like he couldn't choose anything for a house they were supposed to share. His voice was still tinged with that tone she had never heard before. A pebble of guilt formed in the pit of her stomach, and she apologized. They would buy the red one.

She did the talking, the pleading, the murmuring, the apologizing. He did the yelling. "This is what couples do," her friends said, sipping their wine and shrugging, "they fight." She nodded numbly, convinced nothing was wrong. Hours later, the rosé had become a soft flush on her cheeks as she stared at the spot on the rug. Their rug. The one he had picked out. They couldn't afford it, of course, but he wanted only the best for their home. She hadn't mentioned the impracticality of its cream color, especially if they were ever going to have kids. A cleaner would probably be able to get the stain out, though. She had assured Amelia that a tipsy accident was no problem, that she had never liked the rug much anyway.

She heard the key in the door and got up off the ground, dropping the pink stained towel beside its matching rose oval, the only blemish on the plush rug. The door closed, footsteps came towards the living room. He didn't notice the spot at first, immediately plunging into a disgruntled retelling of the idiotic thing his boss had done that day. He stopped mid sentence when he saw it. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, but nothing happened. She opened her eyes. His lips were drawn into a tight line, his eyes cold. He had loved that rug. In a controlled voice, he asked what happened.

The girls had had a bit too much to drink and a glass tipped over. Yes, she had let them drink in the living room. Yes, she did have too much. Yes, she should have been more

careful. Yes, it was her fault. Her fault. She was used to the yelling after almost a year in that house, tried to let the words roll off of her. Instead, each syllable drove into her chest, biting, tearing. Yes, it was her fault. Yes, she was stupid. But she was sorry, always sorry. She screamed a third apology, begged him to stop yelling, her own voice reaching a volume that the neighbors were bound to hear. She didn't care. She just needed the yelling to stop. Finally, it did. His final insult was punctuated with a slap that sent her stumbling backwards into the side of the couch. Hand touching her burning cheek, she stared at him. The fury remained for just a moment longer in his face before he fumbled, reached out for her. She stepped back, shrinking away. He reached out again, slowly, carefully pulling her hand away from her face. He didn't mean to, couldn't possibly have meant to do that. These things just happen, these accidents, and they just had to move past them. She nodded. He kissed her. She went to the kitchen to start dinner, not breathing again until the door had swung shut behind her. It wouldn't happen again, she assured herself. He was a good man, a kind man. They loved each other. This was just the turning point, the day things changed, the day the yelling stopped.

Three months later she sat in the emergency room down the street, the smell of antiseptic strong in her nose as a doctor examined her wrist, pronounced it sprained. She had fallen. Tripped on an ottoman. She always had been clumsy. Lies, concealer, oversized sunglasses, these were what saved her from becoming a pariah. It wasn't that bad, she told herself. All couples fight. Besides, he really had seemed sorry this time as he wiped the tears from her eyes. He said he would be better, and she knew he meant it. When the doctor had finished with her wrist; she went home and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that his car wasn't in the driveway. She would hide the pain medication the doctor had insisted on prescribing her under the kitchen sink. He would never need to know she had been to the hospital.

She poured herself a glass of wine with shaky hands, then thought better of it and poured it down the drain. She made her way to the bathroom, felt the cold tile beneath her feet as she turned on the light. After assessing her appearance in the mirror, she applied a brush of face powder to a spot just above her collarbone where a purple bruise had begun to surface. Satisfied with her work; she put the compact away and kneeled down to dig around in the cabinet beneath the sink. Hands finding the cardboard sides of the box, she pulled out a pregnancy test, already praying under her breath.

SIERRA WIDHAM

your tongue scrapes
the inside of my mouth
like barbed wire so i attach
my lips to the hollows
of your hipbones
instead and watch
your spine arch
off the mattress,
watch you grit your teeth
and close your eyes
as we both fantasize
of being whole again.
electric purgatory.
your pupils swallow
me like dessert.

i cling to the curve of your ribcage
and will myself to be a blood
cell in your starving arteries,
orbiting your skeleton
like an astronaut left adrift.
goal: your heart.
result: rejected, ejected.
even our bodies are falling
out of sync, the limbs
no longer tangled
and humming
in the afterglow
but hissing, whining.
my thighs have gone hoarse
from trying to scream.

i am hungry
for more than pleasures
of the flesh but you
are hungry for me
and your threats
to slit your wrists
keep me docile.
keep me mute.

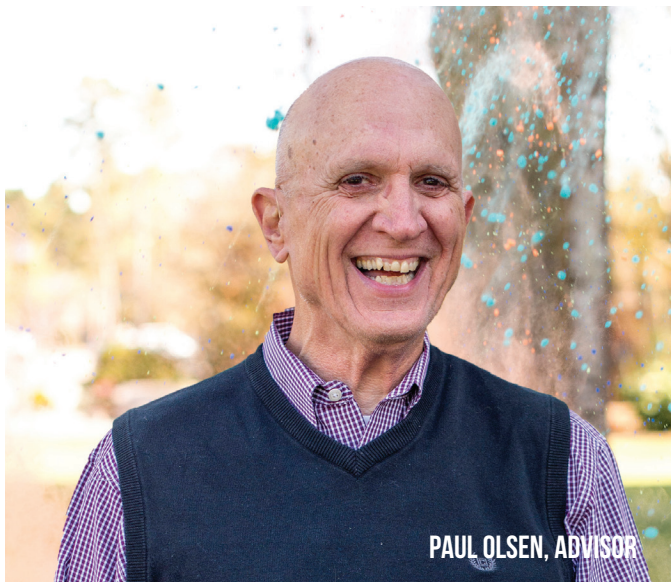
aching and desperate
i kiss the black moons
behind your eyelids
and curl my fingers
around your little wrist
because you are *alive*,
alive and wicked,
tightening a noose
round my neck
and hardening
as my lips turn blue.
we cannot choose who we love
no more than we can choose
the recipients of disease.
sometimes your vinegar
mouth tastes like honey
as we lay on your deathbed
and i bite down
on your shoulder
hard enough to make you laugh.
i pretend your hair won't fall
in clumps from your scalp,
that your skin
will always be
darker than mine,
that your smile
will never falter.

not even in the faces
of strangers with syringes
and walls whiter than your teeth.

your sister is a match.
your touch does not burn
me anymore it is drowning again—
eight years old and choking underwater,
clawing at a sky just out of reach.
you tell me no one will ever want me.
you tell me that you hope i get raped.
i stand by ready to donate my bone marrow.

months later i am itching
for the medicine
you refused to take
and you are healthy
but i am not
and
you don't love me anymore
and
perhaps this is a blessing.

CREDITS



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MACKENZIE WOLFE, ART DIRECTOR

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